NATIONAL WHIG.

THE MAIL ROBBER.

A THRILLING TALE.

[Continued.]

'It is not here;' said Bite.

'I know better. He never deceived me yet. Perhaps it is locked up in one of the small mail bags. Draw the cart out of the road, tumble the bags overboard, and we will soon overhaul them. Lawyer, drag that fellow out of the way.'

Etherington passively did as he was told. Raising the body by the clothes, he was hauling it on the green sward, when the light of the small lamp fell upon the face, and disclosed a deep gash on the side of the head from whence the blood was flowing profusely—evidently the effects of the blow struck by Etherington when the unfortunate driver was on the ground. Etherington let the body fall; large clammy drops of perspiration stood upon his ashy cheek, and he stood gazing on the wound as a man entranced. He was roused from his lethargy of horror by the touch of the smuggler, who said, in his usual clear, low tone—

'Lawyer, have you a penknife with you? if so, hand it here; for my ship-jack makes but hard work of this mail-bag leather.—That's it. Here's the box, and now for business.'

The small cash box was forced open, and a huge roll of notes given into the hands of Bite; the gold was transferred to the smuggler's pockets, the light was extinguished, the horse fastened to the gibbet post, and the body of the maimed driver lifted into the cart.

'Is he dead?' whispered Etherington.

'Not yet,' said Bite, with a grin; 'but I am afraid that he'll have the headache as long as he lives.'

'Lawyer, we must have your horse. Bite must be in London, and change these notes before the hue and cry is given. Then over to France, you know, Bite; get to Cherbourg, and wait the arrival of bosky Sue. Off with you, and don't let the grass grow beneath your feet, unless you wish to be swung on the vacant stick here.'

Bite walked off towards the fir-tree close, and in a few seconds the gallop of a horse was heard proceeding down one of the obscure cross-roads.

'Now, then, for a short cut over the Downs, lawyer; we have done the job well, and may defy detection. We shall have enough for our purposes till we get our share of Bite's notes. What is the matter with you? you have not spoken for an hour.'

'Is he dead?' said Etherington, fearfully.

'Let us hope for the best. I wish it had been otherwise. But we must now part—it would be dangerous to be seen together.'

Without any division of the booty, or a word in explanation, the smuggler darted across the fields, and was soon lost to Etherington's sight. Jaded and heart-smitten, this wretched young man reached his own house, and betook himself to bed—but not to sleep.

CHAPTER III.

The next morning, as Etherington was sitting at the breakfast table, gazing with bloodshot eyes upon the untasted meal, the principal partner in the banking-house was announced. Etherington jumped up wildly from his chair, and throwing open the window, evidently meditated escape; but, actuated by second thoughts, a faint smile overspread his ghastly features, and he returned to his chair. The gentleman entered the room.

'Mr. Etherington,' said he, 'I suppose you have heard of our double misfortune—robbery and consequent failure. I have called on you as an active lawyer, to solicit your co-operation with the magistrates in attempting everything in the power of man to discover the scoundrels who last night robbed the mail. I am more interested in this affair than regards the actual loss. Our bank experienced a partial pressure. I had written on for funds, and this morning we could have met every demand with instant payment. I am now a ruined and disgraced old man. The people will not believe but that the robbery was planned by the bankers: and after a long life of honorable industry, my grey hairs are tinged with sorrow and with shame. Mr. Etherington, I care not for my sudden fall from affluence, could I preserve my honor; but ruin is spread around—hundreds will point at me as the robber of the poor; and I shall descend to the grave with the burning execrations of the ruined tradesman, the impoverished widow, and the beggared orphan ringing in my ears.'

The old man leaned his head upon the table, and wept like a child. Etherington attempted to speak, but was frightened at the unearthly tone of his own voice. The banker, ashamed of his weakness, shortly rose and left the house, earnestly requesting Etherington to use his utmost endeavors to bring the criminals to justice.

After swallowing a larger stimulant than usual, in a vain attempt to still the first sharp gnawings of that worm that never dies, Etherington was about to leave the house, when his aged and infirm parent tottered into the room, and with the painful sorrow of extreme old age, garrulously lamented the ruin which the failure of the bank had brought upon her few remaining days. More falsehoods were used to quiet her fears. As he quitted the house, his servant requested to know where he had left his horse. He had lent it to a friend. The man retired with an expression of surprise, and Etherington felt that he was unable to look his servant in the face.

Crowds were collected in the usually quiet streets of that little town. Agitation and excitement sat on every face, and knots of whisperers met at every corner, or before the doors of the principal tradesmen, who were all, more or less, sufferers by the bankers' failure. Surmises, doubts, and open allegations were freely bandied about, and the expressions of vengeance and despair that broke from the various sufferers struck deeply into Etherington's heart as he walked through the excited throng. He wished to inquire how much they knew, where their suspicions pointed, and, above all, to ascertain the life or death of the driver—but he did not dare to trust himself with speech.

He found his Ellen in tears. Her father had lost heavily—in fact, all he possessed, except the house he lived in, and a life interest, of little value, in some property in an adjoining county. Mr. Norris met Etherington with evident embarrassment; he wished the match to be broken off—his pride would not allow his daughter to go a beggar to that man's arms who, when she was rich, had been refused consent unless he could command a certain sum. Etherington expostulated; absolved Mr. Norris from his part of the contract, but insisted upon its full performance as connected with his immediate marriage. The old gentleman's reserve immediately vanished; he seized the lawyer by the hand, and said that he regarded the loss of the money as nothing, compared to the satisfaction of having found so honorable and generous a son-in-law. Etherington endeavored to smile, but was unable to return the cordial grasp of the man whose ruin he had caused.

Several days had elapsed, but the excitement did not subside. Etherington suffered the worst of tortures in being compelled to hear the hourly statements of the wretchedness and suffering which the robbery had produced, many of the small tradesmen declared themselves insolvent, factories were stopped for want of money, and hundreds of workmen were discharged; panic and desolation ruled the day. The indignation of the working men assumed so threatening a shape, that the bankers were compelled to fly the country. Etherington had been busily employed in drawing out depositions in evidence, and attending to the surmises of every thick-headed, officious fellow, who thought he could see further into the affair than his neighbors. The young man's soul sickened at his daily practice of foul hypocrisy.

Johnson was not forthcoming, nor had the smallest appropriation of the booty been forwarded to the wretched Etherington, who now felt, but too late, that his participation in the fatal deed had not only destroyed his own prospects, but had ruined the happiness of all around.

The servant again inquired after the safety of the horse, a valuable and favorite animal. Etherington repeated his former statement, that he had lent him to a friend.—The servant asked if he knew where this friend had taken the horse, and when he was expected back; for Bill, the ostler, at the Red Lion, had gone to live at K——, a town about forty miles across the country, and he had sent word by the guard of the stage, that lawyer Etherington's horse had been left there quite knocked up and over-worked. An ill-looking fellow rode him into town, and had gone off by the early morning coach to London. He knew the horse by the star on his forehead.

Etherington was unable to conceal his confusion. The servant was ordered down stairs; but the story spread from mouth to mouth and at the next meeting of the magistrates, Etherington was questioned as to the truth of the report. Lie succeeded lie—he tried to spread probability over the story he had coined about selling his horse to a stranger; but it was evidently disbelieved. Mistrust was aroused; there was no definite charge, but although he continued to attend he was not again requested to assist in the mail robbery investigation.

The marriage day arrived, and Ellen, who had insisted upon the performance of the ceremony in private, never looked more lovely than in the simple white dress she wore, to grace this humble festival. The father's broken fortune admitted not of display, and Etherington, who had ruined a whole community to put himself into funds, had scarcely been able to raise the expenses of the day. Still he hoped that Johnson would keep his word and though his soul loathed at the crime he committed, and he abhorred the foul train of consequences it had engendered, he could not give up his claim to the profits of his guilt.

[To be concluded.]

An Interesting Letter

FROM MEXICO.

SALTILLO, MEXICO, May 20, 1847.

San Luis de Potosi—Saltillo—The Church—The Plaza—A Beautiful Fountain—The Gardens—The Alameda.

My dear M——,

I will first mention briefly San Luis de Potosi, on which place, it is said that Gen. Taylor has announced, by letter to the command, that our Army will advance in twenty days.

San Luis is a large city, probably second in rate to Mexico itself, situated about two hundred and fifty miles from this ilk in the pleasantest portion of the Republic.—The change will be delightful from the rude winds of this region and ruder manners of of its inhabitants, to the balmy atmosphere of the interior, and to associations which necessarily must take place with a populace, at least for this benighted land, refined and enlightened. Now of Saltillo.

This is a pleasant enough place to sojourn in for a short time, or so long as its manifold discomfort wear the charm of novelty; but one must be philosophically blest indeed, to linger within its walls a moment longer. Its church; its plaza; (La plaza militia) its gardens; its alameda form its chief and only attractions. The first is a stupendous mass of architecture in which the gothic and Moorish styles are blended, as I am informed, and as is the general custom in constructing these piles of masonry in Popish countries. It is fashioned in the shape of a huge crucifix, on each of the arms of which cupolas are elevated. On one side a very handsome steeple of stone towers far above the rest of the building, the heavy masonry relieved by finely executed arcades growing gradually smaller as they ascend: this is painted white and the stucco images which embellish it red, with a few blotches of *blue* here and there interpersed, as tho' the artist was hurried and consequently left his design incomplete.—The other arm is a quadrangular tower of of the Moorish order reaching not half the height of the steeple opposite, which gives an appearance of one-sidedness to the structure. From some cause, this arm has been deserted by the workmen and left in an unfinished state; destitute of stucco, or paint, the gray flag stone has a naked uncouth look which detracts from the grandeur of the church and the design of the architect. The steeple contains a magnificent clock whose sound, as it tolls the passing hour can be heard a league from Saltillo, and as it is fashioned to strike the quarters of the hour, it seems never to have completed its course. Within the quadrangular are hung some dozens of Bells, of all sizes, of all ages, of all shapes—and of all things, all cracked! They vary from a score of thousands of pounds weight to less than the silver call which is used to inform the servant that he is wanted. The bells! how they ring! bum, bum! clank, clank! clink, clink! tink, tink! descending gradually from nigh to low—like our grandmama's old fashioned garments "small by degrees and beautifully less;" and these garments are not more out of mode at the present day, than these said bells are out oftime—the one not more motheaten than the other cracked—yet the simple-minded Saltillaros think that nothing exists more grand and imposing than their church, nor aught more melodious than their bells! There they go, like mad! bum, bum! clank, clank! clink, clink! tink, tink! ugh! how they ring! —The front of the structure is about two hundred feet wide, and what was originally a gray flag stone has been stuccoed, and innumerable little figures of the human form, together with vines, leaves and wreths cover the face of the front.

To enter the building you ascend from the street several steps to an elevation nicely paved with brick, and crossing it enter the massive doors—but stop: we will look at them a moment. They are folding and fashioned in the gothic order, and from the base to the summit are not less than forty feet, and are as curiously carved as the famed bucket of Tassoni, the handywork of Antony of Trent. In fact they seem to be made up of minute pieces of wood separately wrought and which, when conjoined form the doors.

You pass within and a cold, paved hall meets your eye and your further progress is stopped by a screen of faded green baize, but on inspection you'll find a door nicely fitted which on a slight push admits you into the sanctuary. Most probably you would linger a moment when you entered and look before you—at least I did with mouth and eyes wide—stretched, I suspect—and attempt to realize to your mind's eye the vastness of the structure around. Three hundred feet in your front stands the Altar which on a close examination you'll find decorated with a quantity of tinsel, and some too, very handsome ornaments of the precious metals as well as still more precious brilliants — presents probably of some rich dying sinner who wished thus to purchase Heaven for a golden candlestick and a few diamonds! The roof not less than ninety feet unsupported by a single pillar, arches above you—its white relieved by stuccoed images stained with variety of color.

On either side the altar, and in appropriate niches, are placed elegant portrait paintings illustrating passages in the life of our Saviour, and the sides of the nave are embellished with pictures, executed by some of the old celebrated masters taken also from passages in Scripture. And the dim religious light through the colored glass heightens the effect of solemn awe which one instinctively feels on entering a sanctuary devoted to the worship of the Most High God.

The Romish priesthood spare no pains nor expense to heighten these sensations by opposing to the senses striking observances and scenes of imposing grandeur, and thus by enchaining the imagination fetter both body and soul of their victims and render them passive ministers of their will.

Immediately above the Altar is an immense dome, and standing beneath it and looking up one becomes astonished at its great height; the windows that admit the light into its recess seem scarce larger than your palm, and the pigeons darting through like sparrows—mere specks in the distance.

There are no pews in the church, nor seats: neither are required as every one, "los hevetics" excepted, drop on their knees immediately upon attaining a sufficient proximity to the altar—the period allotted to devotion being consumed by prayer, or occupied in ceremonies more entertaining than instructive, or in sacerdotal observances which require of votaries to retain that position upon the tough, cold floor. The women appear to suffer under this penance judging from the pain expressed in their countenances—which however, I observe is suddenly exchanged for a look of gladness at the ringing of a silvery sounding bell—the signal of dispersion to the congregation—for 'tis 12 o'clock! when the quiet and peaceful Sabbath is transformed into a day of feasting and hilarity:—And now for

"LA PLAZA"—

a large quadrangular (of an area of several acres) in the centre of the city, defined by large blocks of tenements, among which are palaces of stores—at least the ladies think so!—overflowing with rich and rare fabrics of India and Chinese manufacture, for the trade is direct from here to the Pacific coast. These tenements form one side of the Quadrangle; the Town Hall and Jail, both large but otherwise unremarkable structures, another; and the church and its appurtenances, and a row of dwellings make up the square. These dwellings are separated from the Plaza bywell paved and cleanly swept streets intersecting each other at right angles. Upon the border of the of the square is a row of trees encircled by low walls to protect them from the bite of an unmuzzled donkey or other hungry animal. The trees are planted twenty feet apart and being now in full foliage look very pleasant. As the square is scrupulously swept and watered, its light, sandy brown contrasts finely with the dark green leaves and whitewashed enclosures.

But what renders it most agreable to me is

A FOUNTAIN

in its midst encircled with a reservoir into which it jets in pretty gem-like drops, the purest water, which is conducted from a spring several miles distant, bymeans of miniature canals and cemented subteraneous drains, until it upsprings in the centre of the much loved plaza in the heart of the city to the delight of its water carriers and its good inhabitants. And half the pretty dark-eyed girls, with bronzed cheeks, pouting merry lips, and bare feet, in their rainbow attire, congregate here, morning, noon and evening, to fill their water jars like the Egyptians maidens, from this well of living water. The Mexican water jar is as similar in form and material to those used in Egypt to draw water, as though importe here in the time of the Ptolmies. And s we will talk now of

"ITS GARDENS."

Were you to walk the streets of Saltillo a week you would not suspect the existence of a garden— but, follow me to the height which overlooks the city, and such an ocean of waving green, such a Paradisaical view will meet your gaze that you half doubt the reality of what you see, and speak mysteriously, hinting at some foul practice on your visual organs, or accuse your conductor downright and without stint, of deception by legerdemain. I have imagined you all at my side, and methinks I hear you exclaim, How lovely! how beautiful! The high walls of sunburnt bricks conceal the gardens from the eye of a casual sojourner—all are filled with choicest fruits trees now in full bloom; and roses and shrubs of delightful odor impregnate the air and "wood notes wild," ringing from many tribes of feathered songsters, render the stroll through their shady groves and rosy-bowers most delicious—more delightful than I thought aught on earth could be.—And tell, me what can be more pleasing to the taste, and to the sense than to wander through this maze of thousand flowers, and unexpectedly to approach the border of a minature lake of living water, its sides and bottom walled and rendered perfectly smooth by white cement, in which to plunge and invigorate yourself after contact with the oppressive rays of a vertical sun!—Pleasant is it not? And such are not unfrequent in the gardens of Saltillo.

The Alameda of Madrid in old Spain, and that of Mexico have been described time and again, and poets and painters have lent the aid of imagination and the pencil to embellish them and make the world familiar with these delightful gardens of the people; but not one has raised his voice in song to sing of the beautics of La Alameda de Saltillo, or scratched a line upon paper to depict its natural grace and fairness. It needs no aid of foreign ornament to render it beautiful; it boasts no marble fountain curiously wrought; no vase like font to catch the streams gurgling from the mouths of hydra-headed monsters; It has no sculptured images of dead or living, Roman, Greek, or Mexican to make it attractive: it has none of these—nothing, save that which nature's self with cunning hand laid on. Its trees are of the forests, and surely, are they less shady and green for that? The tall Pecan with its long, waving branches and dense folinge—the stalwart oak, and the graceful willow—the towarding Alamo—stand there in native majesty and beauty. Myriads of lesser shrubs, and roschushes, and blooming roses, interspersed with a great variety of evergreen Cactus—the national plant of this county as the thistle is of Scotland and the sham rock of Ireland. The broad-leafed, sword shaped Mageny which here attains a height truly gigantic, excites no little interest when its nature and its various useful adaptions are known. From its sap is made a healthy and exhilarating beverage, from its leaves an intoxicating liquor is distilled, and from them cordage is made, paper, matresses, &c a variety which would fill a sheet to name. All these, and pretty little paths and avenues passing in every direction, the murmuring of water as it dances merrily through fifty little canals—all these, I say, render the Alameda of Saltillo a pleasant resort. Here too, you see all the people: the staid matron and dark-eyed daughter, and gamboling little urchins—all filled with a spirit of enjoyment, they come out to make the most of the pleasure to be derived from this delightful spot. And here it is as in the Rialto at Venice, in days gone by, "where merchants most do congregate;" and not only merchants but politicians, rascals, rowdies and shavers. But I must close lest I weary you.

Your Affectionate,

CARLOS.

THE PARSON GOING TO MILL.

The Parson sat in his house one day,
While wintry storm did rage—
High rapt he drank in lofty thought
From Hooker's classic page;
But as he sat, and holy breath
Into his heart did steal,
His dear wife ope'd the door and said,
"My dear, we have no meal."

With a deep groan and saddened brow,
He laid aside his book,
And in despair upon the hearth
With troubled air did look:
"My people think that I must break
To them the bread of Heaven,
But they'll not give me bread enough
One week day out of seven."

But hunger is a serious thing,
And it is said to hear
Sweet children's mournful cry for bread
Come ringing in your ear;
So straight he mounted his old horse,
With meek and humble will,
And, with his bag, well patched and coarse,
He journeyed to the mill.

The miller bowed to him and said,
"Sir by your old church steeple,
I vow, I give *you* praise for this,
But none to your church people."
The Parson mounted his old horse—
He had no time to lag—
And rode like hero to his home
Right on his old meal-bag.

But as he rode he overtook
A proud and wealthy layman,
Who with a close astonished gaze,
"The Parson's bag did scan,
"My reverend sir, the truth to tell
It makes me feel quite wroth
To see you compromise this way
The honor of your cloth.

"Why did you not tell, my honored friend,
Your meal was running low,—
What will the neighbors think of us.
If to the mill you go!"
"My wealthy friend," the Parson said,
"You must not reason so:
It is well known as a settled thing,
My meal is *always low.*

If my dear people wish to know
How to promote my bliss,
I'll simply say that bags of meal
Will *never come amiss!*
Just keep the store room well supplied,
And I will keep it right still,
But if the meal gives out again,
I must go to the Mill."

MORAL.

Laymen it needs no miracle,
No hard laborious toil,
To make the Parson's meal-bag like
The widow's cruise of oil;
Pour forth into his wife's store-room
Your gifts right plentiful,
The miracle is simple this,
To keep it always full!

Sovereigns of England.

For the information of our readers we annex a list of the "Sovereigns of England," with their individual reign: it is valuable as a matter of reference:

First, William the Norman; then William his son;
Henry Stephen, and Henry; then Richard and John.
Next Henry the third; Edward one, two, and three;
And again after Richard, three Henries we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly I guess.
Two Henries, sixth Edward, Queen Mary, Queen Bess.
Then Jamie the Scotchman; then Charles whom they slew.
Yet received, after Cromwell, another Charles too.
Next, Jamie the second ascended the throne.
Then William and Mary together came on:
Till Anne, George and William all past,
God sent us Victoria,—may she long be the last!

William I.	1066 to 1087
William II.	1087—1109
Henry I.	1100—1135
Stephen	1135—1154
Henry II.	1153—1189
Richard I.	1189—1199
John	1199—1216
Henry III.	1216—1272
Edward I.	1272—1307
Edward II.	1307—1327
Edward III.	1327—1377
Richard II.	1377—1399
Henry IV.	1399—1413
Henry V.	1413—1422
Henry VI.	1422—1461
Edward IV.	1461—1493
Edward V	1483
Richard III.	1483—1485
Henry VII.	1485—1509
Henry VIII.	1509—1547
Edward VI.	1547—1553
Mary I.	1553—1558
Elizabeth	1558—1603
James I.	1603—1625
Charles I.	1625—1649
(Commonwealth	1649—1660)
Charles II.	1660—1685
James II.	1685—1689
William III. and Mary II.	1689—1694
(William III. alone	1694—1702)
Anne	1702—1714
George I.	1714—1727
George II.	1727—1760
George III.	1760—1820
George IV.	1820—1830
William IV.	1830—1837

VICTORIA MDCCCXXXVII.

A Little Paragraph with a Big Moral.—"I can't find bread for my family," said a lazy fellow in company. "Nor I," replied an industrious miller, "I am obliged to work for it."

An Irishman who had blistered his fingers by endeavoring to draw on a pair of new boots, exclaimed, "Faith I believe I shall never get them on until I wear them a day or two."

The Gallant Irishman.—An Irish gentleman, remarkable for his devotion to the fair sex, once remarked, "never be critical on the ladies. Take it for granted that they are all handsome and good.—A true gentleman will never look on the faults of a pretty woman *without shutting his eyes.*"

ROME, June 8.—The host has been quite intolerable until this week, when a few teeming clouds floated hither, and took pity on the parched up patrimony of St. Peter. These refreshing showers happened to coincide with the Pope's return to town from the Appenine wilderness of Subiaco, and long may he reign over us. Nothing can exceed the dismay which his conduct, in abolishing the fat sinecure of that "abbott" has spread among the whole of clerical aspirants after loaues and fishes; of such our city has been cramful from time immemorial.

Every church living that falls vacant is sure to be stripped of any superfluous wealth, and reduced to its most frugal limits before it will be conferred on any successor, and that successor must show some claim besides the petty accomplishments and often unworthy influences which hitherto misdirected church promotion.

When Pius resolved on going, he summoned the major domo and bade him present his estimate of the expense of such a trip. That official re appeared with a detailed programme involving a *tottle* of $2000. "Send me the Postmaster!" said Pius. Prince Massimo [our old friend] was summoned, and a bargain struck to do the business for $400, and no mistake. Thus does our monarch respect the fee'lings of the tax-payers.

Since the 2d instant there have been shipped from Baltimore, says the Baltimore Patriot of the 9th, for different ports in Europe and the West Indies, the following amount of breadstuffs, viz:

Flour	9628	barrels
Corn Meal	1441	do
Wheat	6000	bushels
Corn	4154	do

The receipts of flour in the same time amount to 12,638 barrels, thus showing an increase of 3016 bbls over the exports. The stock of flour now on hand, of every description, sold and unsold, in the city of Baltimore, is estimated at about 40,000 bbls.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.—The lists of visitors look formidable; and if comfort increases with numbers, they must have delightful times at the Springs about these days.

A lawyer once said to a bore, who had sat about two hours in his house—"I wish you would do as my fire is doing." "How is that?" said the other.—"Why sir, it is going out replied the lawyer.

TOLERATION.

Deal meekly with the hopes that guide
The lowest brother straying from thy side;
If right, they bid thee tremble for thy own,
If wrong, the verdict is for God alone!

A western editor, studied for two weeks to make some poetry, finally succeeded. Here is a specimen of the production:

All hail to the land where freedom was born,
All hail to the land where daddy hoed corn,
He stuck'd the hoe into the ground,
Pulled it out and no corn he found.

A man with one eye laid another a wager, that he (the one eyed) saw more than the other. The wager was accepted. "You have lost," says the first; "I can see two eyes in your face, and you can see only one in mine."

CURRANT BUSHES. Having noticed that currant bushes may as well be made trees as shrubs, I conclude to tell you how I have seen it done. In the spring of 1831, my father commenced a garden, and among other things, cuttings for currant bushes. I determined to make an experiment on one of these cuttings, and as soon as it grew, I pinched off all the leaves except the top tuft, which I let grow. The cutting was about 14 inches high, and during the summer the sprout from the top of this grew perhaps 10 inches. The next spring I pinched off all the leaves to about half way up the first years growth, so as to leave the lowest limbs about two feet from the ground. It branched well, became a handsome little dwarf tree, when it came to bear fruit, it was more productive than any other bush in the garden, and the fruit larger. It was less infected with spiders and other insects; hens could not pick off the fruit, and grass and weeds were more easily kept from about the roots, and it was an ornament instead of a blemish. Now, I would propose that currant cuttings be set in rows about 4 1-2 or 5 feet apart each way, (let them be long and straight ones) trained into trees. [Cor. Michigan Farmer.

Struck his Mother.—I wish to lead a sober life said a man who was recovering from the third attack of *Delirium Tremens*, but I can't bear the idea of signing a pledge. I do not like to sign away my liberty. 'Do you want the liberty of striking your mother?'—said the physician—'What if I were to tell you that you had struck your mother violently?

'Such a thing would be impossible'; said the young man.

'Not so,' rejoined the Doctor. You did strike your mother a severe blow in your last illness.

The youth loved his mother, and was determined not to strike her again. He signed the pledge, and is an active and useful member of the Sons of Temperance.

Pledge and Standard.

An ancient impertinent fellow divides female beauty into four orders as follows:

Long and lazy little and loud.
Fair and foolish, dark and proud;

Arrant scandal! the following is the true reading:

Tall and splendid, little and neat,
Fair and pleasant, dark and sweet.

Cutting it rather Thick. A lady poetess writing about her lover, says in the charmingest manner imaginable

——"He drew,
In one long kiss, my whole soul through
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew."